

THE RADIANT CENTRE

"We Stand before the Secret of the world, there where being passes into appearance and unity into variety."—*Emerson.*



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Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

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Editorial Notes.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

ST. Valentine's Day and it suggests a lovely out of door valentine I saw this morning outlined against the sky.

It was just two trees that had grown up side by side, so close that their trunks almost touched one another, straight and tall and making together one perfect tree. Not until I came close upon them did I discover that they were two in one. Serene and stately there they stood, no wrangling or struggle for space and supremacy twisting their fair proportions into gnarled deformity: Each stood erect in its own integrity and each adjusted itself to the other without the tangling of branches or meddling outshoots into each other's domain.

Such a beautiful sight and a symbol of the true marriage. There it stands the year round, but I happened to see it on St. Valentine's Day.

It must have been in summer when Thoreau walked among the trees and "listened to the sound of their thinking."

They seem all dead and silent now, but I know they are only asleep and dreaming of what they will say in the Spring, so even their silence is eloquent and full of meaning.

Placing your ear against their brown trunks you can sense the warm life blood coursing up and down and you know that all is busy within while the outward quiet is only in semblance.

Thus is it in our sleep and thus do we regenerate within, though there be no outward seeming.

All at once our leaf buds will appear and a new spring-time be upon us.

Late in December, when crossing the Common I saw many a little dandelion, yellow with hope and sunshine. Dandelions in December we can all grow in our hearts dear friends, for Nature has done it before us and She knows.

Several times during the winter the snow has melted clear down to the earth and there I discovered many a blade of grass as fresh and green as though it were summer.

When the grass and the dandelions do not get dis-

couraged, why should we?

Vis conservatrix Naturae. Everywhere I see the Preserver.

Vis medicatrix Naturae. Everywhere I see the Regenerator.

Then wherefore the Destroyer?

To clear the way for the Regenerator and the Preserver.

Some part of you dies daily, but it so dies that you may live. Fear not then the Destroyer for close upon his path comes the Preserver.

Think of that when you are sick or unhappy, and wait hopefully for the Preserver.

If you look thus upon your sickness and your trouble you will soon reach a place where neither can touch you, where the work of destruction will be finished and the work of preservation will begin, and as you near that point your sufferings will grow less and less.

For there is a veritable Heaven on Earth. It is a place in consciousness where pain and sorrow cannot enter, and many are finding it.

There may be other Heavens awaiting us in far off regions, in higher ethers above this planet, but let us not forego our Heaven here for any prospective Heaven farther on. Let us enjoy every Heaven as we come to it for a Heaven in the Hand is worth two in the Bush.

I have been interested in watching the work of Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in Washington. He has been trying to get twelve young men to a normal weight in order to begin a series of experiments upon them, to prove whether or not chemically prepared foods are injurious to the human system. Dr. Wiley says:—"One of the scientific boarders, under the influence of a generous government's rich fare, has grown so stout that this in itself would hinder the progress of the tests until he loses flesh again. In addition, another of the diners has been so nervous about the experiments with boracic acid and other chemically prepared foodstuffs, that he is as pale as a ghost and refuses to take on weight. When he became one of the Agricultural Department's guests he was strong and of medium weight. Now he is thin, from thinking about borax food, which has not yet been served, and all the inducements offered have been futile in prevailing upon him to gain flesh."

It seems that these young men are now being fed on the purest and best foods that the market affords without a sign of borax or acid or anything injurious, and yet the one mentioned has grown thin thinking of his prospective diet.

I would not be at all surprised to learn that the stout

On page 8 insert "hate" in the place of "heat."

On page 7 insert "all events" in the place of "any rate."

THE RADIANT CENTRE.

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one, who does not trouble himself about his future diet, simply enjoying the present one, would stand the chemical test better than all the other subjects. At any rate the thin one probably suffers more from the thought of borax than he would from the thing itself, if it could be given him unawares. At any rate he has furnished the text for a homily on the power of thought.

I came upon a paragraph in the "Occult Review" which pleased me mightily, and I wondered why I had not uttered the same thought myself since it had long been in my mind. It ran like this:

"There is no statement today resting upon a falser premise than that every evil thought will work evil upon someone else; that each person is subject to the evil thoughts in the vast reservoir of the air. It is contrary to nature's first law—the law of self-preservation. Thoughts of evil fall from the spiritual armor of him who will not think them as water from the back of a duck. Evil thoughts work, with the certainty of gravity, pain to him who thinks them. Evil thoughts attract to the thinker like vibrations, but safe is he who refuses to think anything but good. The conscience can never be violated by anyone save its owner. Even when in the most complete sleep, either self-induced or by suggestion, the thought not in harmony with the character of the subject, that is not his own mental habit, will be rejected."

It has been well said that a little knowledge is a

dangerous thing and it frequently happens that upon learning something of the powers of thought beginners are apt to see a bug-a-boo lurking in every corner. They fear this and they fear that, until their last state is worse than their first.

Now the truth is, there are barriers on the unseen side of life quite as impregnable as those on the seen side. No thought of evil can pass through one of these barriers when it is composed of a thought aura that is kind and loving. Every time you sit and brood over the harm some one has done to you, your thought bores an opening in the protective aura through which some shot from an enemy's mind may reach you. Keep the aura intact and no harm can enter. The world may teem with evil thought and you may walk through the midst of it without injury, provided your own heart be clean and pure. Like an angel of light you can pass through the lurid flames of ~~heat~~ and not even the smell of fire shall cling to your garments. Of what then shall you be afraid.

Hate

HOW TO RENEW YOUR YOUTH.

Lesson I.

The Changing of Habit.

It has been said of the physical body that it is a bundle of habits. We have discovered that some of those habits can be changed, but when it comes to changing the entire sum, the multiple of habits, there our faith halts, and that is the chief reason why we grow old.

Professor William James, of Harvard, writes of habits as follows:—"The moment one tries to define what habit is, one is led to the fundamental properties of matter. The laws of nature are nothing but the immutable habits which the different elementary sorts of matter follow in their actions and re-actions upon each other. In the organic world, however, the habits are more variable than this. The habits of an elementary particle of matter cannot change (on the principles of the atomistic philosophy), because the particle itself is an unchangeable thing; but those of a compound mass of matter can change, because they are in the last instance due to the structure of the compound, and either outward forces or inward tensions can, from one hour to another, turn that structure into something different from what it was. That is, they can do so if the body be plastic enough to maintain its integrity, and be not disrupted when its structure yields. The change of structure here spoken of need not involve the outward shape; it may be invisible and molecular, as when a bar of iron becomes magnetic or crystalline through the action of certain outward causes, or India-

rubber becomes friable, or plaster "sets." All these changes are rather slow; the material in question opposes a certain resistance to a modifying cause, which it takes time to overcome, but the gradual yielding whereof saves the material from being disintegrated altogether."

This statement strikes me with the force of overwhelming logic. I do not see how it can possibly be refuted.

In the first place Professor James is good authority upon the subject because he has made so deep and close a study of the habits of mind and body, and, in the second place I can see upon observation and reflection that what he says is true.

Look at elementary life and you will see an automatic round. Look at the organic and you will see variation. Under the organic, and as a basis for it, lies the elementary, but with the organic comes self-determination, self-will, self action. The organic bears to the elementary a relation similar to that of a mill placed over a running stream. The stream moves on automatically while the mill above utilises that automatic action to grind its wheat into flour.

The elementary life in us flows on while the organic through its self-will, self-determination and self-action makes use of the force thus generated and at our disposal.

And what is organic being? What constitutes an organism? No one can define it other than to say—It is that hidden something, call it a principle or tendency as

you will, that starts out to make an identity, a living individual, a self differing from any other self in the world, a something which grows from the inside putting forth organs by which it moves, acts to definite ends, thinks and even speaks.

We have in us the elemental and the organic. To the elemental belongs the habitual round of our lives, to the organic the desire to strike out into new paths and to break the round of the habitual. There is apparently a sort of adjustment between the two, by which the elemental preserves the identity of the individual, while the organic creates the change essential to growth.

It is when the elemental gets the ascendancy in us that old age begins to manifest its signs of decrepitude and decaying energy, finally ending in death.

I believe the adjustment between the elemental and the organic is a compulsory one like that of servant and master, in which the elemental struggles to free itself from the control of the organic and carry back to their original states the atoms of matter held in bonds.

That is because the organic has been a hard master and the elemental an unwilling slave, rather than a well housed, well treated servant.

To speak more definitely—If a mass of matter when plastic will submit to changes without disintegration it is because the atoms composing it are held loosely and given a certain amount of freedom, and it is just that sort of freedom we need in both mind and body for the renewal of youth. Instead of that we chain elemental forces like galley slaves and then expect them to give us

the willing and excellent service which only the free creature is capable of giving.

Let me explain. Habit, or automatic action is a good thing. Without its aid we should never learn to walk but would always be taking our first trembling steps of babyhood. We take the automatic action of walking and as organic creatures we build upon it in many ways. And so with all mechanical action involving deftness and skill. It has for its basis long established habit.

Habit, I repeat, is a good thing but it can be perverted into a bad thing. It is a good thing when it maintains its proper relation to the organic self, and a bad thing when it gets the ascendancy.

When well treated it never wants to rise out of its place but contentedly performs its service. When badly treated it revolts as the best of servants will do.

But what is good treatment and what bad?

Well, let me tell you. There is no tyrant in the world who can equal Ignorance in cruelty and brute mastery and it is Ignorance that has held in such brutal servitude our most excellent servant called Habit.

Did we but know, did we but half see the signs and symbols in all Nature we should read them as pointing in the direction of continued life and the renewing of youth, but we see through a glass, darkly, and the signboards read—To Old age and Death.

"But," you say "a certain span of years has been fixed for man by the Almighty."

Indeed! Why is it then that some men exceed that span? And what do we know of the decrees of the

Almighty except as they have been interpreted by Man?

The Almighty has said some wonderful things, through Man, it is true, but when I hear something credited to the Almighty which does not sound Almighty in its Wisdom or its Truth, and which flatly contradicts what the Almighty has said at other times, and is always saying on the pages of the Nature-Bible or the Heart-Bible, why I am free to acknowledge that something is being palmed off upon me which is not genuine, the whole world to the contrary notwithstanding.

But, you see, in times past we have accepted and tried to believe a lot of unsupported testimony as to the limit of man's life and we have seen a good deal to confirm it too, for has not man grown old and died ever since history began?

And yet, there are records, which may or may not be authentic, of men in past ages who lived for hundreds of years, and there were prehistoric times in which they may have numbered their years by the thousand.

History or no history, record or no record, I believe such things are possible and that they have been. More than that, I believe they are to be again, for history goes round and round its dial like the hour hand of a clock. It marks the time of sunrise in man's history, then high noon, then sundown, midnight and sunrise again.

In all probability primitive man lived to an age far beyond what we now deem possible and as the hand moved round the dial his life term grew shorter and shorter until it threatened extinction of the race. But the hand on the dial did not stop at midnight. It kept

moving on toward sunrise, and so we now find the limit of life extending again, and the forces at work to cause that extension.

Evidently we have reached the sunrise and are on the way to high noon.

To believe in the necessity for failing powers, shrunken tissues, disease and weakness in general as attendants of the advancing years is to lay the iron hand of Ignorance upon that elemental force which constitutes the automatism of habit, and to restrict it to a certain course. That course leads to death and the man whose life moves in the mechanical round is dead long before he leaves the body.

As organic creatures, the very highest on this planet, let us exercise the powers by virtue of which we became what we are, the powers of self-willing, self-determining and self-acting and so use them as to change the habit of that automatic process within us which is moving toward old age and death.

We have the power and the habit is ours to control. Many of us have already shown what can be accomplished in turning the current and others are following in our lead.

In this lesson I have endeavored to show that you can change those automatic processes which are generally believed to be outside the jurisdiction of the individual mind, but which on the contrary can be brought entirely under mental control.

In my next lesson I shall tell you how to gain that control.

BUSY BRAIN WORKERS.**Men of Thought and Mental Force are Usually Long-Lived.**

It is a very common but erroneous belief that brain work is destructive of physical strength, says the Chicago Chronicle. The fact is that men of thought and mental force have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were octogenarians, Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over eighty. Michael Angelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be eighty.

Many men have done excellent work after they have passed eighty years. Lander wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when eighty-five. Isaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Hahnemann married at eighty, and was still working at ninety-one. Michael Angelo was still painting his giant canvases at eighty-nine, and Titian at ninety worked with the vigor of his younger years.

Fontenelle was as light hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty, and was as happy as a sandboy. At Hanover, Dr. Du Boisy was still practising as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of 103. William Reynold Salmon, M. R. C. S., of Conbridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest

physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Freemason in the world.

A pollywog uttered a wail ;
 "Oh, mother ! I'm losing my tail !"
 "Crawl up on this log,
 You'll soon be a frog"
 Said his mother, "such signs never fail."
 —Practical Ideals.

How CAN anybody enjoy being miserable? Men do, and so do women. They surround themselves with an atmosphere of gloom. They hug trouble to their breasts. They make mountains out of molehills, and there are tears and groans when there should be smiles. Perhaps you have a cynic in your employ. You can pick him out with your eyes shut. From Monday morning to Saturday night he has "the blues." He will tell you that he always gets the worst of it from everybody; that his talent isn't recognized; that his genius is wasted; that he isn't getting enough money; that there is no future for him—and a lot of tommy rot like that. After that comes the brooding stage. Any man who broods over real or fancied wrongs is dangerous. He is not sane, and he is also a mighty poor workman, whether he is making hoe handles or counting money in a bank. He deliberately destroys his own efficiency and chance for success, and all for the perilous and questionable happiness of being miserable.—Cleveland Press.

A Mother's Fad.

(From the New York Press.)

We say a great deal about men's fads. What of women's? Banker ———, of the ——— National, likes to tell of his wife, a

woman of forty-three, and mother of six children. For years she had kept from him the secret of her fondest amusement, and only by accident did she learn it a little while ago. Something took him home at an unexpected hour in the afternoon. Where was madame? The maid said in the nursery. Proceeding thither unannounced, he was astounded at seeing her dressed like a girl of thirteen. Her hair in two braids hung down her back, her skirt was considerably above her shoetops, she had on a pinafore and was eating candy! "One would have thought her a pert young miss who had never seen me before, from the way she blushed and tried to hide," said the banker. "She confessed that for fifteen years she had amused herself occasionally by playing little girl. Dressed in that style she looks just about as young as her two daughters, who are sixteen and eighteen."

THE truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—
William Penn.

O LOVE, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down!
'Tis in thy strength the mountains stand;
The seasons roll at thy command;
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep in thy everlastingness.

—*J. W. Chadwick.*

MY daily task, whatever it be—that is what mainly educates me. All other culture is mere luxury compared with what that gives.—*W. C. Gannett.*

Answers to Correspondents.

Question—"I am one of your new subscribers and I do not know exactly what you mean by "The Radiant Centre." It has a beautiful significance I am sure, but what? I have an illy defined, nebulous sense of what it might mean, but will you not explain in the columns of your paper?"

Answer—I tried to make my meaning clear in a series of articles which came out in my paper, called "Easy Lessons in Realization," but for your benefit, and that of other new subscribers, I will briefly explain, and will refer you for a fuller explanation, to the lessons mentioned, which are now published in book form.

When it dawned upon me that all being is One and indivisible, I no longer saw men as separate entities. They seemed more like streams of life flowing forth from one source. Then it occurred to me that a star was an excellent symbol of the one source and the life which moves out from it into varied expression. Life and Light seem to me almost synonymous terms and I find it easy to think of Life flowing out from a central source by comparing it to the rays that proceed from any luminous centre. I might have chosen the Sun for my symbol, but I preferred a star for the reason that, shining out upon the dark night, it seems better to represent Life, outlined against darkness or the negativity of Being.

I carried this symbol about in my mind for months and began to see many different ways in which it might be made to interpret Life as it really is, and not as it seems.

When I had thought out these applications, I formulated them in a series of lessons, with diagrams at the head of each.

and called them "Easy Lessons in Realization." Easy, because in them, metaphysical truths, always hard to grasp, were by illustration made plain and practical, and I used the term Realization because the lessons were intended to make real to the mind the existence of a radiant or radiating centre of Being, from which the life current proceeds or moves outward into the world of effect.

In thinking over the subject matter of these lessons, I found myself vacillating between my old ideas and the new. At times the old sense of separateness would come over me very strongly and I would correspondingly lose force in mind and body. Then I would turn to my diagram of the star, and in meditating upon it my state of mind and body would change, and I would feel a great inrush of power.

This proved to me that I was on the way to practical results, and I determined to make the idea of a radiant centre a dominant one in my life, around which all other ideas should gather, and to which they should be tributary.

I never could see how any one could invest the Ego with great powers, and even say that it had all-power, all-possibilities, etc., etc., when it was seen to be standing up as a little separate entity, a sort of ten-pin, liable to be bowled over at any moment. What kind of a thing was that, I asked, to claim for itself omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence, as it seemed to be doing?

But when I saw the Ego as coming forth like a ray of light from its source, and that source being Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence itself, why then I could see how the Ego might express that which was in its source.

I cannot tell you in this limited space how that little dia-

gram of the star in its suggestiveness cleared my mind of its doubts and its troubles in trying to reconcile what I felt to be a truth with an utterly unreasonable statement. I can understand why people in coming from the Old Thought into the New get so disturbed in mind that they actually become sick. They are confronted by such illogical statements that they simply cannot accept them, and yet they are assured by their instructors that they must believe or take the consequences. In other words they must believe or continue in sickness, unhappiness and misery, whereas the mere effort to believe anything so unreasonable would outrage the mind and plunge it into deeper unhappiness, worse sickness and greater misery. Verily the path of the New Thought disciple is at times thorny and difficult to travel, but it is being cleared rapidly by many earnest workers, who will never rest until the way to Realization is so well opened that any one may walk in it who will.

Question—"I have received a sample copy of The Radiant Centre, and I notice it is called "A Journal of Success." I looked all through the copy but I could not find any special reference to success in it. Can you send me a number that gives some definite instructions for financial success?"

Answer—You missed the thing you were looking for because you did not know that success depends upon one's mental attitude, and that whatever tends to produce that attitude is conducive to success, far more so than any definite rules which I could lay down for you. In fact the rules which might apply to your case would not to another, although there are some general rules which apply to all, and I will here briefly allude to them.

In the first place the successful person must be self-poised, must stand squarely on his own feet without a hint of leaning. If he has any props, the very best thing that can happen to him when he starts out to accomplish something, is to have them all knocked from under him and yet very likely he may feel at the moment that this is a sign of bad luck and non-success, while on the contrary it is one of the surest signs of his future accomplishment and wellbeing.

To be successful in any kind of work one must be happy in it, have a special aptitude for it and be capable of doing it well. He must go into it, not for the purpose of making money, but because his heart is in it, because it is the thing above all others he would chose to do, and because the doing calls out latent capabilities which have been hidden within him and which give him unrest until called into expression.

I do not consider the mere getting of money, success. although I recognize the necessity for money as an element of success. I am very sure that the artist who paints pictures with their financial value in his eye will utterly fail to see the ideal and to place it upon the canvas, and his painting will lack the merit which brings large monied compensation.

It seems to me that we should all be artists in our way and that we should not place financial gain in the foreground, fixing the mind instead on a high ideal of accomplishment and putting as much as possible the thought of its value in dollars away from us, or at least letting it be the afterthought rather than the forethought.

One day in Washington I had occasion to go into a little place where rubber stamps were made. I only wanted two stamps but before I left the place I ordered several

more, and regretted that I could not increase the order to a hundred. In fact if the man in charge had been a shop-keeper with a stock of merchandise I am sure I should have bought him out. He was only a maker of rubber stamps and yet he took such pleasure in his work, such interest in it, and was so earnest in turning out the very best product of his labor that its monetary value increased in my eyes until I was capable of paying him a fabulous amount for those few stamps. But he would not have accepted it, I am sure, for the charm of honesty was one element in his attracting power. How I escaped without emptying my pocketbook slyly in some corner of his little room I have never been able to divine, unless it was owing to the thought of a bill to pay around the corner. That man had in him the elements of success, and he proved it soon after by moving into better quarters and enlarging his business. He was working unconsciously in harmony with the law of success, but those who are not so working can learn how to develop the mental characteristics which will lead them to a choice of the calling best suited to them, and to its successful pursuance.

I call The Radiant Centre "A Journal of Success" because he who finds his centre becomes radiant with life and power and attracts to himself success in his highest undertaking, and in its financial recompense.

Paid up subscribers for 1902 will have their subscriptions extended three months, entitling them to January, February and March numbers of 1903. This is because we did not issue the last three numbers of 1902 and wish to give our subscribers an equivalent for the same.

In sending postal orders to this place have them made out to Niagara, Ontario, Canada. The town is called Niagara-on-the-Lake but is not so registered in the Postal Order Directory. There it stands simply as Niagara, Ontario, Canada. Have your orders made out in that way but address your letters to Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The postage is not five cents. A two cent American stamp will bring a letter here if it weighs an ounce. A fraction over that weight calls for four cents in postage.

This will be our address until June first when we return to Washington for a time at least.

It takes three days for letters to reach us from New York, Philadelphia or Washington and five days from San Francisco, so if you write from these places or their vicinity you can calculate upon six or ten days for the reply to reach you if an immediate answer is given.

We shall review no books until our return to Washington.

Do not send any contributions. During this year the

editor will write all the subject matter in The Radiant Centre with the exception of an occasional short clipping which happens to bear upon the subject in hand.

We are not in any way connected with a new journal which has very closely copied our heading. It is called "The Radiant Truth" and its editor is Dr. Sarak.

If any of our readers intend visiting Colorado Springs, we advise them to stop at "The Rex," which has just been opened by our charming friend, Mrs. May Day. It is fully modern, in a central location, the rates reasonable, and is up to date in every respect. Rooms single or en suite. Address for particulars, Mrs. M. Day, "The Rex," 118 S. Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

We handle no books except our own. If you want anything else in metaphysical literature, send to William E. Towne, of Holyoke, Mass. He will fill your order promptly, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Have you seen William Towne's pithy little paper, "Points"? It is a quarterly and only ten cents a year, so do not ask him for a sample copy, but send your ten cents and get "Points" for the year. It is worth many times that amount. Address William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

A New Formula for the Success Centre.

Members of the Success Centre, while retaining the old formula at the time of sitting, will please add to it the following :

PART FOUR.

Having learned that I am one with God, the Infinite and Eternal Energy, and having also learned to look for a radiating centre of that Energy within my own spiritual being, I now declare that I will radiate power even to the ends of the earth, if need be, to bring to me MY OWN, by which I mean, that which is related to me, that which will help me to express my higher self, and in consequence give me the greatest happiness and enable me to do the most good in the world. With all the concentration of my being I now call to me MY OWN, and IT SHALL COME TO ME.

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